Doe dreame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of thoſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe
For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholy baite,
For this fooſe gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, farwell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me ſpeake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

An. Farwell, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a maide not vendable.

Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all *Venice*, his reaſons are as two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Ant. Well, tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promiſd to tell me of.

Baſſ. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*,
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,

By

By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port,
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warranty
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Antho. I pray you good *Baſſanio*, let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſured
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe-ſame flight
The ſelfe-ſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other foorth, and by aduentring both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe,
Becauſe what followes, is pure inno cence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is loſt, but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoote the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

Ant. You know me well, and heerein ſpend but time
To winde about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt,
Then if you had made waſte of all I haue:
Then do but ſay to me, what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo